WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy twinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That make the daisies grow;
Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklingelingle,
Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

* * * * * *

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade.
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

* * * * * *

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingleingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

* * * * * *

And mother-songs of long gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

—[Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell.

Hating People.

[Freemen's Gazette.]

Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward anyone.

What if that man has cheated you or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?"

All who treat you wrong now will be more sorry for it than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief can be. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying in the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and life will be over, and the injurer and injured will be laid away, and are long forgotten. It is not worth while to hate each other.

The Man Who Organized a Giant Monopoly.

The richest man in Cleveland, if not in Ohio, is the President of the Standard Oil Company. Rockafeller is a young man still, not more than 50.

He is a self-made man, a Baptist—liberal and generous. He owns a fine residence at the corner of Euclid and Case avenues worth $100,000, and on the rear of his lot he has a barn which has cost more than twenty ordinary houses. His lot alone is worth what would be a fortune for a common man, and he has also a magnificent country residence eight miles out of the city, on the lake shore, and a good-sized house in New York.

No one in Cleveland outside of Rockafeller knows what Rockafeller is worth. There is no doubt that the sum runs up pretty far into the tens of millions, and most of his money is in Standard Oil stock, which pays royal dividends. Still, there are thousands of men here who remember Rockafeller when he was a poor commission merchant down on the wharves near the viaduct. He made his money out of oil.

As soon as he had a little saved he organized a company and went into Western Pennsylvania and bought oil lands. As he got more he kept buying, and finally succeeded in organizing the Standard Oil Company and making it what it is.

PATRICK HENRY.

The Prophet of the Revolution—Where the Famous Orator Was Born.

[R. L. Clutter, in Detroit Free Press.]

Patrick Henry had more to do with precipitating the American Revolution than any man in the colonies. He was not a statesman, for he did not have discretion or foresight; but he was a man of passion, a "man of the people," as he has been called. He hardly thought of the consequence of his acts, but seemed to propose them to see if they would work. Action was the whole secret of his success. Demosthenes was once asked what constituted a great orator. His reply was "action." And Henry demonstrated the truth of his assertion. One eloquent speech brought him into the notice of the country, and elevated him from the position of a country attorney without clients to that of a member of the House of Burgesses. Two more of his eloquent speeches made him the first Governor of Virginia.

The charge that Henry was ignorant had more room for foundation than the one that charged him with being of low origin. But this, too, is false. His father was a man of education and acted as tutor for his children, and young Henry's uncle also resided near by. He was a minister, and it was from him that it is supposed Patrick got most of his learning. He never went to school or college, but he progressed so rapidly that at 15 he could read Horace and Livy.

When Henry had reached the age of 17 it was thought that he should go into business, as the family finances would not allow his being a gentleman of leisure as most of his young neighbors were destined to be. So he was started in life as a country store keeper.

After his numerous failures Henry did nothing for two or three years. Mr. Wirt, his biographer, describes him as a continual idler, doing nothing but hunting and fishing, and lounging about the country stores, telling stories with the other idlers. But the crown to it all was when he got married. After this move he soon came to the end of his resources.

He found out, like many another young man, that he could not live on love alone. So packing up his few household goods, with his young wife, he went to Hanover Court House to live with Henry's father-in-law, who kept the inn there. It was from this move that the statement comes that he was once a "barkeeper." How much truth there is in it is not known. He did not make a brilliant success here, and at last decided to study law.

Just before the House assembled he rode into Williamsburg, the old colonial capital, on "a lean horse," as the ancient chronicle hath it. It further states that he wore "leathern breeches" and a "plum-colored coat." A brown wig without the customary powder and yarn stockings also added to the oddity of his makeup.

His colleagues in the Burgesses were among the most noted men of the country at that period. Among the members was Peylin Randolph, afterwards President of the Frist Congress; Edmund Pendleton, Chairman of the Committee of Safety; George Wythe, one of the "singers," and George Washington who was then a member.

The Assembly had serious work before them. Parliament, after a long debate, had decided to tax the colonies, and it was for the Burgesses to say whether the colonies would submit or resist the collection of the tax. Henry had already, in his "Parsons' Cause" speech, declared that the House of Burgesses, elected by the people, were the only authority which could give force to the laws of the government of the colony. And the people of his country had expressed their concurrence with his views by electing him to represent them at the seat of government.

But the members were not yet ready to act. So when the House was convened most of the representatives were in favor of petitioning the king to withdraw the tax. These were mostly the old members, whom Jefferson called the "cyphers of aristocracy." But there was a party of younger men who thought differently. They thought something stronger should be said, but none of them were bold enough to speak. They were willing to listen to the counsels of the elder men.

Henry had no such scruples. He had come to represent what he thought to be the best interests of the people, and he meant to do it at all hazards. The Assembly hesitated; they knew not what course to pursue. It was a time when the most impetuous paused.

In the midst of this uncertainty Patrick Henry rose and offered his five famous resolutions.

No wonder the powdered heads of the old members turned, for it seemed to them the hight of folly for this young man to step forth as a leader when the oldest faltered.

But Henry waited for the confusion to pass camly. He held in his hand the resolves, written on the blank leaf of a book. The substance of the series was embodied in the last, which declared that "the General Assembly of this colony has the sole right and power to levy taxes and impositions on the inhabitants of this colony."

A great stir was raised in the hall by this paper, and a bitter debate ensued. If the resolution passed it meant trouble, no one knew how much. Maybe it meant war. Speeches were made against his resolution and for it before Henry rose. Every eye was turned toward the young orator, for as a member who had submitted the motion he would be supposed best to defend it.

Henry did not disappoint the members who put their hopes on him. He arose and made the grandest effort of his life and carried all before him. He ended his speench with that splendid sentence that has become a part of the history of that period.

"Cæsar had his Brutus," he exclaimed, "Charles the First his Cromwall" (and here he was interrupted by cries of cries of "Treason!" "Treason!" but he only lowered his voice a little as he concluded) "and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it."

The resolutions were carried by one vote and Gov. Fauquier promptly dissolved the House. As Henry came out, a man stepped forward and slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Stick to us, old fellow, or we are gone!"

He did stick to them nobly, and he had his reward. He lives to-day as he did then—in the hearts of his countrymen.

From this period of his life to the time of his death Patrick Henry was one of the most prominent men of the country.

He was appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces; then first Governor of Virginia. In the dark days of the war, when everything looked gloomy for the Americans, it was proposed to make him dictator. He was sick at his home in the country at the time, but as he had news of the plan he made his friends abandon it. His biography from 1765 to 1799, the year of his death, could not be written separately from the history of his native state.

Max Adler on the Individuality of Children.

The moral nature and individuality of children, says Prof. Adler, should be carefully studied and respected. They are, it is true, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, but we are only the channels through which the river of life is transmitted to them.

Some parents make a point of trying to mold their children into reproductions of themselves. But every child has a right to its own individuality. For instance, if a boy shows a talent for art it is a grave question as to whether it be wise for the boy's father to say: "Oh, I don't want my boy to be a painter; I mean him to be a lawyer."

Or, again, a youth shows an intense passion for study, but a friend of the father has an opening in his counting house, and so the instincts of genius are sacrificed to the dollar. Thus the individuality of that life is destroyed and the particular message with which it was intrusted to deliver to the world is lost.

Twenty-five Per Cent.

The Connecticut Yankee has long been famous for cuteness and evidently thinks he hasn't died out yet. Impressed by the evils of over insurance, the president of a Hartford fire insurance company asks for legislation to forbid the payment, in any case, of more than three-fourths of the amount of the loss. Perhaps, however, there are others who can see through this scheme for advancing insurance rates twenty-five per cent. without making the insurance companies responsible for it.

JILTING IN MAINE.

Roses blowing, waters flowing
Under willows bending low,
Branches drooping, sweethearts stooping
Down the tangled pathway go.

Oh, the treasure of this pleasure;
Youth is brave and love is sweet;
She will borrow not a sorrow,
God has willed they thus should meet.

In the gloaming she is roaming
Through the lane they loved so well,
Trees above her see no lover
Walking by her down the dell.

Ah! the grieving for deceiving;
Ah! the anguish and the tears;
Sad the greeting of the meeting
In the lane in after years.

—[The Eastern Argus.

What Dynamite Is.

Dynamite is prepared by simply kneading with the naked hands twenty-five per cent. of infusorial earth and seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine until the mixture assumes a putty condition, not unlike moist brown sugar.

Before mixing the infusorial earth is calcined in a furnace in order to burn out all organic matter, and it is also sifted to free it of large grains. While still moist it is squeezed into cartridges, which are prepared of parchment paper, and the firing is done by fulminate of silver in copper capsules provided with patent exploders.

Nitro-glycerine is made of nitric acid one part and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is well washed with pure water. The infusion is composed of small, microscopic silicious shells which have lost their living creatures. The cullular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capilliary attraction, both inside and out. The earth is very light.

Water is expelled from it by means of a furnace, and then in the form of a powder it is mixed with nitro glycerine. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed in a small quantity on the tongue or wrist. It freezes at 40 degrees Fahrenheit, becoming a white, half-crystalized mass, which must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

Wife-Selling in Olden Times.

[All the Year Round.]

The Annual Register for 1832 gave an account of a singular wife sale. Joseph Thomson, a farmer, after a brief married life of three years, finding that the union was irksome, agreed with his wife to separate. Acting upon the prevalent notion that by putting his spouse up to auction, and so parting with her, the marriage bonds were legally unloosened, he came to Carlisle and by the bellman announced in the presence of a large number of persons; the wife, a spruce, lively damsel of about two and twenty years of age, being placed on a large oak chair, with a halter of straw round her neck. Thomson then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thomson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish, as well as mine, to part for ever. She has been to me only a born serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my home, but she became my tormenter, a domestic curse, a night invasion and a daily devil. Gentlemen, I speak truth from my heart when I say may God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome women! Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mout Ætna or any other pestilential thing in nature. Now, I have shown you the dark side of my wife, and told you of her faults and failings; I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin or whiskey, but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her with all her perfections and imperfections for the sum of fifty shillings."

The sequel of the story is that after waiting about an hour, Thomson knocked down the "lot" to one Henry Mears for twenty shillings and a Newfoundlond dog, and the parties separated, being mutually pleased with their bargain.

SOCIETY AND MILLIONAIRES.

Mr. Carnegie, the millionaire manufacturer of Pennsylvania, who, by the way, is a socialist, is the author of the following:

"His range of vision must be short, or his faith in the progress of the human race but small, who does not see that the state, in the near future, will not permit great millionaires to ignore the truth that they are but trustees after all, and that their millions hoarded are detrimental to the general good, as the same millions bequeathed to their own issue are positively injurious to them.

By cumulative taxation, by progressive legacy duties, or by some efficient means not yet devised, (because not yet necessary in this country while the laws of dispersion act so well, or, perhaps, by a strong overwhelming public sentiment only,) the degraded soul whose chief aim to the end of his life is either to augment or hoard his millions or bequeath them as a whole to his issue, will meet at the hands of an indignant community the defeat he richly deserves.

After awhile the only condition upon which a man will be permitted to possess or administer an undue amount of wealth in a government of the people will be that he makes a good use of it, and spends it—not in such vulgar, ostentatious display as characterizes the royal families and some of the nobles of Europe, and which a few silly people imitate here, or to found a family under the cover of primogeniture and entail, which is the general weakness of Britons; neither to hoard nor strive to augment his millions, which is the form which the evil usually takes in this country—but that he holds his wealth 'for the sake of liberal uses and great things to be done'—done, not for himself or for his family, but for humanity.

"How was he born? is of the past. What a man owns? is already subordinate in America, to what he knows; but in the final aristocracy the question will not be either of these, but what has he done for his fellows? where has he shown generosity and self-abnegation? when has he been a father to the fatherless and the cause of the poor—where has he searched that out? How he has worshiped God will not be asked in that day, but how has he served man.

"Which of the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race is sooner to reach something akin to the ideal, is not so easily answered as one might suppose from looking at the respective positions of the mother and child lands to-day. Certainly the republic has a clear lead at the start. But it is not always the best starter which wins the race.

There are forces at work in Britain much more radical and destructive than can be found here. The present tenure of the soil, for instance, and its use by private owners, is much more secure here than in Britain. Such a measure as the Irish land act, by which rents are fixed not by what can be obtained in open market by the fiat of a court, would not be tolerated here. The republic is much more conservative than the monarchy upon many questions.

The territorial aristocracy of Britain have defrauded and oppressed the people to such an extent that when the inevitable rebound comes it must split society at several if not many points. But which ever division wins in the race to a better day for the masses—my native or my adopted land—the example of the one must be followed by the other, for they now act and react upon each other with irresistable force; and I, for one whom our president introduced to you as of the millionaire class, say, God speed the day when great accumulations of wealth, in any form, either in America or Britain, or anywhere else, even for one generation, will give place to a much more equal distribution of property among the masses! Unless this is to come, the 'Brotherhood of Man' is but an idle phrase. I am not afraid to sing, with my national poet (he who, of all men, nestled closest to the bosom of humanity:)

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be an' a' that!"

Evidence of a Native Written Language Among the Pacific Islanders.

Capt. William Churchill, a Pacific Ocean salt, seeks to show by the records of deep-sea soundings and from archæological remains that the Pacific islands are only the remnants of a submerged continent, whose mountain peaks and lofty hights are all that remain above the surface of the ocean.

Polynesian antecedent civilization is revealed, he thinks, through ancient implements, statues and sculptured stone slabs found on a few of the groups, more notably the Feejees. The studies of zoophytes and coral formations taken from a depth of 2,000 fathoms and more also confirm this belief of the subsidence of the prehistoric continent. On Pitcairn's Island, and also on Tahiti and Tonga-Tabu have been found remains which show the existence of a long-forgotten tribe.

At Tonga Tabu a monster trilithon is to be seen. It is composed of gray volcanic stone, with neatly dressed edges. It is 10x12 feet square, and stands twenty feet out of the ground. It is surmounted by a huge kava bowl. Capt. Churchill considers this relic to be of great archæological value.

He describes the implements and metals in use by the natives of several of the groups before the advent of the white voyagers, and said that iron and steel were not unknown to them before their discovery by civilized persons. He gives a minute description of monolithic statutes of stone and sculptured wood found on Easter Island. The monoliths were found standing in rows of five or six, only a few feet apart. They were hewn from volcanic rock and were either very crude in workmanship or else they had suffered from the ravages of time.

One row of these statues was quite well preserved. Each of them was ten feet high and they represented human heads and bodies, with a kind of cap or other head covering on the top.

These are the same statues seen and described by Capt. Cook in his works on travel and discovery. A finely sculptured hand of a dancing girl and some polished wooden slabs, on which were numerous hieroglyphical figures in long rows, have been discovered in an ancient and half-ruined stone house on Easter Island. This is the only relic of a written language ever found in the Pacific islands.

The Fault.

[All the Year Around.]

The real fault we commit in conversation is our failure to recognize the pleasure that is given by the narration of even the most trivial incident in carefully apportioned words. No one in talking takes the trouble to forget his sentences according to the most ordinary rules of grammar. Our national shyness has stamped us, among other vulgarisms, with that false shame which makes us fear the charge of pedantry if we talk in other than the most clumsy and disjointed way.

We are afraid to venture on a phrase—a combination of words that will convey our meaning of the moment—until familiarity has made it a common-place, and then we drag it in by the head and ears on every occasion, till it becomes nauseous from its frequency. There is a dreary heautness in our conversation, born of deficient imagination. We discuss, or rather utter our words about the most ordinary matters, with a solemnity which, at first sight, looks like earnestness; but we are not in earnest. We should resent the imputation. Every nation has its own peculiar snobbery—every nation, and each rank in that nation, and class in that rank, and each individual.

One phase of it with us is the way in which we copy the habits or manners of the rank above us. The desire to copy implies deficient tact and power of observation, and the effect of the copying is very much that of the maid-of-all-work, in a lodging house, who tries to copy the dress of the ladies on whom she waits. She has neither the material out of which to make the clothes nor the power of wearing the clothes properly, if she had them. The calmness and absence of emotion of patrician manners not unnaturally suggest imitation. People who, from their birth upward, have been accustomed to deference naturally acquire a manner which takes that deference for granted—an attitude from which the element of assertion is eliminated. The favored classes with whom that is the case have also feasts of other things besides the deference of their fellows.

MY MOTHER.

Yes, my mother's growing old,
With toil and care;
The silver threads among the gold,
Are here and there.

Twilight's deep'ning, starry skies
Do not appear;
She looks above with longing eyes,
For heaven is near.

The storms of life will soon be o'er,
And peace be found;
She'll stand upon the other shore,
With glory crowned.

—[W. R. Keys, in Philadelphia Post.

Canary Birds Committing Suicide.

[New York World.]

There was a panic among the birds in Paine's aviary, 356 Fulton street, the other night. More than two hundred birds of all varieties are caged in the little store, and so great was the excitement among the feathered beauties that they beat their heads against the bars of their cages, almost split their little throats screaming, and not a few actually committed suicide.

A fire in the establishment next door was the cause of the unusual commotion, though little damage was done, the flames merely scorching the woodwork and the smoke barely penetrating to where the birds were. But even these slight indications of fire drove the birds nearly crazy.

They seemed to fully realize their danger and were as eager to get to the open air as if they were a packed theatrical audience. The parrots screamed hoarsely the cockatoos screeched, and the thrushes and canaries kept up a continuous twittering and chirping. Many of the canaries, the dealer said, went into hysterics and were found next morning dead on the bottom of their cages—frightened to death. Other birds squeezed between the bars of their cages and so hanged themselves until suffocated, and the thrushes tried to hide in the water of their bathing cups. Nearly all refused to eat yesterday morning and quite a number were carried away dead.

Curious Facts About Silk-Worms.

A writer in Land and Water says the ideas of the ancients upon the subject of the origin of silk were rather vague, some supposing it to be the entrails of a spider which, fattened for years upon paste, at length bursts, bringing forth its silken treasure; others, that it was spun by a hideous horned grub in hard nests of clay—ideas which were not dispelled till the sixth century, when the first silk-worm reached Constantinople, introduced and cultivated, like many other benefits, by the wandering monks.

From thence they were soon imported into Italy, which for a long period remained the headquarters of the European silk trade, until Henry IV. of France, seeing that mulberry trees were as plentiful in his southern provinces as in Italy, introduced silk-worm culture with great success.

Kirkby mentions the following interesting extract from the Courrier de Lion 1840, as showing the extraordinary quantity of silk there annually consumed at that period:

"Raw silk annully consumed there, 1,000,000 of kilo-grams, equal to 2,205,714 pounds English, on which the waste in manufacturing is 5 per cent. As four cocoons produce 1 graine (grain) of silk, 4,000,000,000 of cocoons are annually consumed, making the number of caterpillars reared (including the average allowance for caterpillars dying, bad cocoons, and those kept for eggs,) 4,292,400,000.

The length of the silk of one cocoon averages 500 meters (1,526 feet English,) so that the length of the total quantity of silk spun at Lyons is 6,500,000,000,000 (or six and a half trillions) of English feet, equal to 14 times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, or 5,494 times the radius of the moon's orbit, or 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth, or 200,000 times the circumference of the moon."

A Belle of Jackson's Time.

One of Gen. Adair's nine daughters, celebrated throughout the southwest for her beauty, died only a short time ago in a little Mississippi town. This lady—Mrs. White-Beatty—lived a brilliant life. So much romance has been woven thickly about her that it is difficult in these latter days to adequately measure her distinguished career. She has been the model for the most celebrated painters and sculptors of a by-gone age. "Ellen Adair," (wrote Richard Henry Wilde, poet-statesman of the south, years ago,) "is the most beautiful apparition God ever put upon His footstool." To Mrs. White-Beatty was dedicated Wild's famous song, "My Life Is Like a Summer Rose," and she seems never to have lost her place in the poet's heart.

Her connection on her father's side with a titled English family gave her the entree to all the best circles in Europe, and no American woman was ever so well known aboard as Mrs. Beatty. When she married her distinguished husband, Mr. Charles White the jurist, she in no wise retired from the conspicuous position accorded her on account of her loveliness, her wit, her indescribable grace.

There is a charming story told of Miss Adair long before she consented to become the wife of the Florida statesman. While she was the reigning star at Washington a wealthy and titled gentleman attached to the English embassy and afterward celebrated all over Europe as a diplomat, paid her marked attention. Indeed, it was then understood that the Englishman had placed his heart and fortune at the feet of the lovely American.

One night during a banquet given at the English embassy the attache in responding to the toast of "Merry England," made some offensive allusions to American manners. Too much indulgence in the wine cup probably caused the Englishman to momentarily forget himself. For the remainder of the evening the beautiful woman at his side coldly and distantly responded to his table talk. The guard coup, however, came when Miss Adair was preparing to descend the spacious staircase. As the beauty swept toward the descent her lover followed behind her. He hastily pressed to her side and offered his arm, when the indignant beauty drew herself up to her full height and said distinctly and audibly:

"Sir, in insulting my country you have insulted me; you have forgottn that I am the daughter of an American soldier."

With a grace only at her command she moved back from the astonished Englishman, and, retreating to where Gen. Adair stood, tripped under her father's escort to her carriage.

Mistreated Him.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

One day, several years ago, while Addison was sitting in his "garrety" room, revising his Cato, he received the following note from Dick Steele:

"My darling Addison: I am in that cavity profanely known as Gehenna's excavation. My morning hours are disturbed by collectors and my evening moments are made harsh by the footsteps of the man I owe. Addison, we have always been good friends. I am a whig and you, are a whig, in this kingdom by the sea—as Edgar Poe will in the future express it—but can't you help me out of this fix?"

Addison had but little money. In fact he owed the grocer, the barber and the candlestick manipulator, but he pawned his gold spurs, his richly ornamented sword, his silver, tea-pot—his all and raising a hundred pounds, sent the sum to his distressed friend. Several days afterwards, when Addison found himself in Steele's neighborhood, he decided to go up and see if there was any other way in which he could help his poor friend.

As he approached the door leading into Steele's room, he heard music and dancing and sounds only befitting the abode of those who felt the weight of many nickels, but halting not, he shoved open the door and entered. Steele, dressed in a suit of tawdry clothes, stood in the middle of the room. On the sofa sat a young woman with a discolored eye; beside her reclined a woman with bad teeth; while at the right stood women who were not grand-motherly in appearence. Dandies and hilarious bucks stood around, and upon the whole the scene was one of fashion and excessive refinement. When Addison entered, Steele, who had been turning the crank of a musical instrument, arose and said:

"Hah, here is Mr. Addison. We are all glad to see him. Addison, how do you find yourself?"

Addison was disgusted. He looked at the table, loaded with ham sanwiches and said:

"I thought, sir, that my donation was intended to keep you from prison?"

"Correct you are, cully," exclaimed Steele, "but now that I am out, we should enjoy ourselves. Henry," addressing a boy," bring Mr. Addison a glass of beer. Ah, my dear essayist, you do not seem to be enjoying yourself. Had to soak your household goods to keep me out, eh? Glad to hear it. Fine thing to have friends, Addy—fine thing. Hadn't been for you, I would have been in jail. As it is, I am giving a dinner. Say, can't you lend me seventy-five cents?"

These are historical facts, yet there are literary historians who say that Addison mistreated Dick Steele.

A Mind Infection.

In the year 1855 I commanded a ship bound from Hong Kong to Melbourne, in Australia. We had on board 500 Chinese passengers (not coolies,) and two cabin passengers, which, with myself and wife, officers and crew, made a total of 550 souls. A few days' sail from Hong Kong one of the passengers was taken down with the regular smallpox.

Here was a truly deplorable situation, for probably not one of the Chinese passengers had ever heard of the word vaccination. I immediately resolved to steer for the English colony of Singapore where there was a hospital, and where I could land my sick passenger, after which I would remain a few days in order to ascertain whether any more cases would break out.

I placed my patient in a room as far removed from other patients as I could, and only the stewart and myself were allowed to care for him. The carpenter of the ship seemed to have the most intense apprehensions about contagion, and dreaded the disease so much that he avoided in every way possible the cabin where the passenger lay sick.

When we arrived at Singapore, I had the patient removed to the hospital, and when we lowered him over the gangway into the boat, the carpenter went to the extreme point of the bow so as to be as far from contagion as possible. After remaining as long as was considered sufficient for the safety of all concerned, I set sail for Melbourne, but a few days out the carpenter was taken down by an attack of a mild form of small-pox.

I landed him at the quarantine in Melbourne, and not another person had the disease or any symptoms of it. Now, did not that man's fears predispose him to infection, or perhaps actually produce the very disease of which he was so afraid? It was certainly very remarkable, that of all the 550 persons on board that ship, he should have been the only one to suffer.

Dual Lives.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Dr. Holmes once said in the Professor at the Breakfast Table that every man was three men. First, what "the young man John thought himself to be; second, the man his neighbors and friends believed John to be, and third, the real man John. The Professor was inclined to resent John's reduction of the theory to practice in helping each of himself to a peach, thereby appropriating three instead of the one which the careful landlady had provided for him. But the theory is none the less sound because it failed in one of its practical applications.

In everyday life, away from the atmosphere of literary breakfast tables and genial autocrats or professors, we do not find men actually living three lives. But it is not uncommon to find them living two. It has become so common, indeed that the frequent recital in the newspapers occasions no surprise except to the immediate neighbors and acquaintances of the individual whose duality happens to be discovered.

Usually the moving cause is irregularity in the conjugal relation. It was so in the latest reported case, that of a Long Island farmer, who under two different names married two widows and secured two comfortable homes until his prolonged absences from each led to investigation and discovery. Occasionally there is but one wife in the case, the dual existence being that of a happy bachelor. In a case of this character recently disclosed in New York the chief actor had kept up his double role for some years, pacifying the wife of his married life with plausible stories of business journeys, etc. In his character of single gentleman he had nobody to pacify.

A FRIGHTENED CONGRESSMAN.

Washington Ladies and Their Decolete Gowns.

[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

Mrs. Darwin R. James, of Brooklyn, a lady of great power of observation, said, enthustastically, in descending the stairway of state at the White House and looking down on the sea of faces, brave and fair intermingled, that thronged the broad corridors from which open the suit of Presidential parlors: "No wonder that foreigners pronounce our American women the loveliest in the world."

There was, in truth, so much female loveliness in the goodly company that it makes the occasion memorable in White House annals. In a great majority of cases the charms of both matrons and maids were so lavishly displayed to add the beauty of diablerie to the joyousness of youth or of comely middle age. May your society chronicler turn moralist long enough to ask if this is not culpable in the sight of heaven? I know it is fashionable to sneer at the virtue of Congressmen, but the country holds individual men among them to strict account when they are found out in guilt. Many a man comes here to sit in Congress whose family circumstances are not such that he can possibly bring his wife and little ones without sacrificing the school interests of the latter at a critical point in their education, or without endangering the safety aud welfare of the domicile that both have united to plan and beautify, or some other equally cogent reason operates to temporarily sever the family tie.

Thus men of domestic habits and warm social natures are thrown upon Washington life unanchored and preternaturally subject to temptation.

If even the virtuous among women will, by their mode of dress, scatter firebrands and arrows of temptation in their path, how shall it be marveled at that at the close of such an evening they are ready to become the prey of her whose steps take hold on hell, with her portals made tenfold more attractive to the unwary by unscrupulous moneyed corporations greedy to secure his vote.

I mention congressmen not only as one of many classes of men drawn into the winter vortex, but also because they have these peculiarly precious interests of the nation in their charge. That which has specially led to this little dissertation was a sotto voce remark overheard from the lips of one of the most fascinating men in congressional circles, a man of large nobility of character and great popularity, both among men and women.

Striding rapidly from the dressing-room to his carriage, hat in hand, I heard him remark to another, "By George, this is my last evening out."

"Why so?" rejoined his friend.

"Because," he muttered hurriedly between his clinched teeth, "I don't want to go to the devil."

After this interlude of involuntary eavesdropping, somehow the bare shoulders and bosom, the vaccination marks so obligingly shown on softly-moulded arms the whole feminine pageant, indeed, rather palled upon the mind. "The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life" were there in radiant seductiveness, but a still, small voice was imperatively needed, to whisper in each Circe's pink-tipped ear, "Destroy not the soul of thy brother for whom Christ died."

A Courageous Girl.

[Exchange.]

The bravest women in the world lives in Birmingham. She is not yet twenty years of age, and has immortalized herself by her courage. She has shown it in tackling, single handed and alone, the ferocious mouse. While the other ladies of the house ran screaming away from the animal, and found safety only in mounting the chairs and tables, our heroine, with unblanched cheeks, walks into the pantry, where the vicious beast is lurking behind the pans or dishes, and, regardless of her personal safety, begins the hunt by rattling the tinware.

In a moment the mouse is scampering along the shelves; spurred up to its utmost activity by the hands of the plucky girl, who is determined to capture the animal alive. A live mouse in a woman's hand!

Can you realize the courage it requires for a woman to handle a live mouse? A little cry of delight and the victory is won. The girl comes out of the pantry with a smiling face and cheeks rosy with the excitement of the chase. She goes into the sitting-room holding the prize in her hand, the little fellow struggling to get away. The ladies, still perched on the chairs and table, set up a chorus of screams, much to the delight of the brave young lady, who sometimes varies the sport by letting the captive loose on the table or floor. The scene that follows, if it could be reproduced on the stage of a theater would make a fortune for the manager.

This girl has got a stick with twenty-nine notches upon it, each notch representing a mouse caught by her own hands. In the eyes of her female relatives she is a greater heroine than Joan of Arc.

The Earth a Great Magnet.

Everything on the earth and in the air above is permeated with the earth's magnetic force—it goes through your clothes, it penetrates your bodies, it saturates your brains—it is a part of life itself.

Gaus, the illustrious German astronomer, has computed (taking as a unit of his measure a magnet, fourteen inches long, one inch wide, one-fourth inch thick, weighing one pound, made of the hardest steel and of the strongest magnetic force possible) the earth's magnetic force as equal to 8,464,000,000,000,000,000,000 such magnets. The attracting or lifting power of such a magnet is about ten pounds, which would make the attractive power of the earth 42,310,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

If this magnetism were equally distributed throughout the mass of the earth, the magnetic intensity of each cubic yard would be equal to six of these magnets, or about sixty pounds attractive force.

Prof. Mayer has shown that this magnetic influence, this invisible force, is a power filling space to an unknown distance and radiating in the lines of magnetic force very much as the rays of the sunlight, the lines of the earth's magnetic force being from south to north, as indicated by the compass needle.